Secrets in the Stables

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Secrets in the Stables

by TigerPrawn

Summary

Will is working in the shed when Hannibal drops by...

Hannibal Bingo Prompt: Will's Shed.

Notes

Latest installment on my @hannibalbingo card: Will's Shed.

“Will?” Hannibal called out when Will didn’t answer his door. His car was there, so perhaps he’d gone for a walk.

Hannibal was about to go back and wait in his own car, when he heard the unmistakable sound of dogs roughhousing and followed the noise to the back of the house. There the back door was open and the dogs were milling around between the house and the open door of the shed.

Hannibal smiled and started to walk towards the old barn-like structure of Will’s shed, his heart already pumping at the thought of seeing Will.

No one made him feel like Will Graham did, and no one in the world could ever be quite like Will Graham. He was singular, unique in both who he was and in how much Hannibal desired him.

They had met at a Quantico event. Hannibal's invite had been thanks to previous consultancy work he had done with the FBI, and Will was - apparently forced - to be there as one of the teachers at the academy.

Hannibal had studied him for over an hour before introducing himself. Will Graham was, without a doubt, his apparent opposite. Where Hannibal was charismatic and personable, Mr Graham seemed to be avoiding company as much as he possibly could. No small feat at a social gathering such as it had been. Where Hannibal was polite and well spoken, Mr Graham was gruff and monosyllabic, using rudeness to avoid conversation.

Perhaps Hannibal saw the challenge in it at first, but then he saw something else. Something in the way Will Graham carried himself, the way he looked around the room with the same disdain that Hannibal felt. He looked like a predator. And that did really interest Hannibal.

Making conversation at that party had been difficult. Seeking Will out later at the academy and getting him to agree to a dinner date had been even more so. But, as they made love for the first time and Hannibal enjoyed Will's animalistic energy, he knew it had all been worth it.

He was sure he'd finally met his match.

"Will?" Hannibal called again from the shed door. A door promptly slammed, that soft sort of closure like a fridge or freezer, and that drew Hannibal's attention to where Will stood, as anticipated, next to a large chest freezer.

"Just putting away some of the meat for the dogs," Will said, a casual and unnecessary explanation as he turned his back on the freezer as though it wasn't there. As though he didn't want it to be seen.

Hannibal knew that Will fed his dogs only meat that he prepared, no canned food, so it wasn't a great surprise that he had a separate freezer in the shed for it. His manner though, that was… unexpected.

Not guilty, not caught out. Perhaps a little annoyed. Will was a private man and Hannibal had intruded on a space Will had never imagined him in and was now having to adjust to that.

"I wasn't expecting you," Will said as he began walking forward, the slightest note of annoyance or reprimand. But once he'd reached Hannibal, his face had softened into a smile and he pulled Hannibal to him for a long, slow kiss.

Hannibal sighed against Will's mouth. He was already starting to get hard, Will had that effect on him. And whilst he'd actually come to see if Will wanted to go out for lunch together, his mind was now somewhere else entirely.

Hannibal surged forward, hungry for his lover. A wrong move it seemed as they both stumbled and Will managed to stop them from falling as he chuckled and looked down. Hannibal could see he had pushed Will backwards into a toolbox that sat against a shelving unit.

“Careful,” Will chuckled, “This is a working shed you know.”

Hannibal smiled, and looked around, really taking it in now. It was as fastidiously organised as Will’s underwear drawer. Everything had its place on a shelf or box from power tools to the more antiquated versions. There was also fishing equipment, traps and all manner of things needed to live off the woods if one so chose.

“It sort of reminds me of the stables at my family home when I was a boy,” Hannibal said, thinking back to those well kept stalls and fine leather saddles.

Will chuckled, tightening his grasp around Hannibal’s waist, “no horses here, sorry your lordship.”

“It’s Your Excellency,” Hannibal corrected with a teasing tone, watching as Will’s eyes darkened.

“Is it now?” Will replied in a low, gruff tone. “You wanting to put me in my place, *sir*?” The last word was spat with disdain and the memories it conjured of all the times Will had taken him, made his cock thicken the rest of the way.

And there was no hiding that as Will's own pressed against him.

“Like it rough, m’lord?” Will growled, making Hannibal’s jaw client.

“Your Excellency,” Hannibal corrected, breathless as Will walked him backwards and then pushed him against the shed wall. “What are we doing, Will?”

“Playing a game, if you want…”

“Yes,” Hannibal’s reply was breathless as their mouths met and they kissed hungrily.

“I like it when you come to me,” Will said, breaking the kiss. “You know I can always give you what you need, *Your Excellency*.”

“Yes…” Hannibal groaned.

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Hannibal gripped the side of the freezer as Will fucked into him. It was hard, fast, deep.

Each thrust punctuated with snarls and words about taking him down a peg or two, *not so high and mighty now, m’lord*. It was more of a turn on than Hannibal could have imagined.

The prep had been quick, rough. Only spit, leaving him a little dry and yet he was savouring the sensation of it. Will had taken him against the wall at first, but had decided he wanted to bend Hannibal over something. That something then being the freezer.

“Will, Will…” Hannibal panted as Will held his hip tight enough to bruise and slammed into him over and over. The sound of their flesh slapping together bounced around the wooden walls creating a strange, almost damp echo.

With his trousers around his ankles, Hannibal was sure that they were ruined. His cock was bobbing with need and leaking profusely directly onto the half discarded clothes at his feet.

Will was still fully dressed, his jeans hiked down just enough to free himself, and when Hannibal looked behind him, he could see the way Will was holding his t-shirt up just enough to be able to see where he was going in and out of Hannibal.

The accompanying expression on Will's face was captivating. All the more so when Will pulled out a little further and then spat down on his cock before pushing back inside.

Hannibal grunted at the intrusion, at the rough slide of it.

"Just how you like it, Your Excellency," Will spat the words. "Coming to see your rough and ready stable boy everytime you need an itch scratched."

He fucked harder and deeper with every word, pushing the air out of Hannibal's lungs so he couldn't respond with anything but guttural noises.

"Ye-yeea-sss," he tried to make words as his body was slammed into the freezer over and over.

"Want my come?" Will grunted, "M'lord? Take it back up to your big house, inside you?"

Hannibal nodded eagerly as his hands held so tight to the freezer that his knuckles were turning white. His whole body was shaking, so close to coming himself, and further to the brink of it with every filthy word from Will's lips.

"All. For. You. M'lord," Will thrust hard and deep as he uttered the words, until he stilled and shuddered, spilling deep inside Hannibal.

It was only then that Hannibal realised he'd come, somewhere in those last few thrusts he'd spilled his own seed down the side of the freezer, onto the floor and his clothes.

Will was heavy on his back now, panting against his ear.

"You should get back before you're missed and the butler finds you in a compromising position," Will said before kissing Hannibal's cheek and then pulling back, stepping back and sliding out of him so that his come trailed down Hannibal's balls.

Hannibal stayed where he was, savouring the sensation and regaining his breath before he finally replied, "We would never be discovered by a butler, Will. He'd send a footman, clearly."

"Clearly," Will repeated with a chuckle as he zipped himself back up. "You want a shower?"

"Hmm, shortly."

Will chuckled again. He knew Hannibal liked to enjoy the feeling of having been fucked, he was amused and indulgent of it.

“Well, let’s get you in the house.” Will encouraged, and there was a note there that Hannibal found interesting. Will’s usual post-coital, satisfied calm was marred by something, else - caution. Concern.

When Hannibal lifted himself from the freezer and turned around, he caught a glimpse of Will’s expression before he reached down and pulled up his soiled trousers. There was something furtive in the way he glanced between Hannibal and the freezer. A glance that made Hannibal very certain that Will was hiding something in there.

It wasn’t the first time he’d had suspicions about Will. They hadn’t been lovers long enough to share all and every secret they might have from each other. But there was something about Will that drew Hannibal, a darkness that he was sure mirrored his own.

So he smiled and started towards the shed door, quite certain that he knew what was in the freezer.

“See me back to the house, will you? I’m sure we can sneak past the servants and I can show you my etchings.”

Will laughed at Hannibal’s words and then followed close behind him.

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